



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
 —*Much Ado About Nothing.*



MEMORANDUM SKETCH FOR A PORTRAIT BY JOHN L. SARGENT.

MR. SARGENT, who has been living in London since he laid himself open to much hostile criticism by his portrait of "Mme. G." at the Salon three years ago, appears in force at the Paris Exposition, where he has six pictures, all portraits. That unlucky one of "Mme. G." is not among the number. It is still in the artist's possession, and he could have sent it had he wished to do so. He has repainted one part of the picture which gave offence to the lady's friends—to wit, the low-cut corsage which was suspended by all but invisible shoulder-straps. But the paint and powder with which Mr. Sargent plastered the face of this Parisian belle—and which gave more offence than the perilously décolleté costume—are retained. If the artist intended to create a sensation at the Salon, he certainly succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Friends and foes gathered before the picture and discussed it; there was always a little group there, and the remarks overheard were so very unpleasant that Mr. Sargent at last was persuaded to ask permission of the authorities to retouch the portrait. The request was refused, and the venerable Monsieur Bouguereau, I am told, took the opportunity to lecture the young artist on the danger of such unconventional practices, which, he pointed out, lead to breaking up of families and other dire consequences. Much offended, Mr. Sargent, after this, found it expedient to give up his residence in Paris and go to London to live. His friends thought the step was unwise; for the affair was scarcely more than a nine day's wonder, and no one in Paris long remembers a little indiscretion like this against a painter so full of talent as young Mr. Sargent.

BUT to return to Mr. Sargent's pictures at the Paris Exposition. None of them show him to greater advantage, I think, than his elegant portrait of "Mme. W." (Mrs. Harry White), with her refined features, lissome figure, charming pose, as, clad in white and holding a closed fan, she stands full of grace against the warm gray background. His "Mlles. V." (the Misses Vicker) is seen to better advantage than when I noticed it in 1884, on its first appearance at the Royal Academy. The hands, which were much slighted then, seem to have been repainted. More worthy of his reputation, perhaps, is his picture of "Mlles. B."—the four little girls of Mrs. Boit—notwithstanding the evident consciousness of the sitters, three of whom are looking straight at the lens of the camera, as it were, while the fourth leans against a huge vase, as no little girl would ever think of doing of her own accord. We also see again the portraits of Mrs. Boit and Mrs. Kissam, with their marvellous brush work. Neither of them, I should think, though, can be gratifying to the friends of the sitters. The kindly features of the first named, coarsely rendered by the artist, are surmounted by a pink head-dress, in which figures an agraffe of spun glass; the costume is of peach color and black, contrasted against an amber uphol-

stered and gilded Louis Quinze sofa, upon which the lady is seated, with interlocked fingers—carelessly painted—one arm supported by a cushion.

SEPARATED from this portrait by some luckless picture, which I cannot recall except to remember that it is "killed" by the proximity, is that of "Mme. K."—it would be unjust to the lady to print her name—in a mauve satin dress, with gorgeous crimson flowers in the corsage, ruining the color of F. A. Bridgman's Oriental "Horse Market," on the other side of it, as it would, indeed, that of any other canvas in the gallery which might be similarly placed. The loudness of the color is in keeping with the vulgarity of the pose, and, in fact, of the whole picture—the lady is holding up her train, clutching it with both hands, as if in celebration of "washing day." Mr. Sargent's other portrait at the Exposition is that of "Mme. S." (Mrs. Elliott Shepard), a handsome and graceful brunette in flowing red robes; it is painted with much distinction.

As has been remarked before in these columns, Mr. Sargent, when seen at his best, is above everything notable for style—a rare gift, and possessed by but few of the portrait painters of to-day. When he finds a subject to his liking—a not too common occurrence—he endows her with all the graces, seldom omitting a long neck and a slender figure. But woe to the unfortunate lady whose character he diagnoses in his customarily superficial way; for Mr. Sargent is not a sympathetic painter, and if he fails to find his sitter interesting—that is to say possessing certain paintable qualities which he always looks for—he is apt to make cruel work of any character which she really may possess. Too often he fails altogether to secure the individuality of a sitter, except through such a superficial resemblance as is obtained by the methods of the caricaturist; to wit, by the cheap device of exaggerating some physical peculiarity, as, for example, the strong lines in the face of Mr. Irving and the somewhat unusual nostrils of Mr. Henschel, instances to which I alluded last month in his portraits of those gentlemen at the Royal Academy.

BUT Mr. Sargent's talent is many-sided, and always interesting. It is especially interesting when it reflects, as it often does, the last clever thing in painting that he has chanced to see by some other hand, whether ancient or modern. At the recent charming little exhibition of the New English Art Club in Piccadilly, he had two studies of landscape and figures in the style of such Impressionists as Monet and Pissarro. Marvellously clever they were, as, indeed—I must remark, by the way—were scores of other contributions to that little gallery of works of the more promising of the younger men in English painting, who, now in revolt against the conventionalism of the Royal Academy, will one day make their influence felt in that Philistine institution. The trouble about these two pictures of Mr. Sargent's is, that they were examples of his cleverness and little more; the works of the men by which they were surrounded were for the most part executed in good faith and from positive conviction.

AT the New Gallery, in Regent Street, Mr. Sargent appears in still another rôle—that of a decorative painter—a painter of gorgeous robes and Brazilian beetles' wings, against an unbroken background of pure mazarine blue, the whole, with its shield of plate glass, looking just the thing for a stunning window in a big restaurant like the Criterion. I almost forgot to say that these gorgeous robes are surmounted by a head intended for that of Miss Ellen Terry, and that the whole is a life-size portrait of that charming actress in the rôle of Lady Macbeth. Rigid in limb and feature, and with the pallor of the stage "make-up" faithfully retained, the tragedy queen stands, with arms raised above her head holding the crown. Broad plaits of red hair, forced to an almost magenta hue to key with the peacock blues and beetles-wing greens, descend to the knees. As a likeness of Miss Terry, the picture is hardly worthy of consideration; but as a tour de force, a remarkable decoration, it fairly takes away one's breath, and confirms one's belief in the infinite possibilities of the artist's cleverness.

BUT as Mr. Sargent must have succeeded thoroughly by this time in satisfying his friends and admirers on this point, it may reasonably be hoped, perhaps, that he

will desist for a while from astonishing them, and return to the more sober work of his better art when he produced such a picture as "El Jaleo," which deservedly established his reputation as a painter of extraordinary talent. He has produced nothing to compare with it since. Mr. Sargent is still young, however, and I trust has a long life of artistic activity before him. His friends will watch his future with interest, and, it must be added, with not a little apprehension. Too much cleverness may yet undo him, as it has undone his brilliant master Carolus-Duran. It must be said in justice to Mr. Sargent, though, that however much his more recent work may be lacking in soul—which, of course, is the very life of art—he has never sought to supply this void by cultivating a taste for the sensual such as characterizes the decadence of the art of Carolus-Duran. It is gratifying to feel that no danger from that source at least threatens the artistic career of this gifted young man.

TO see the highly creditable display of American art at the Exposition, as it now stands, one would hardly believe what chaos reigned in that department a little time before the opening. The Commissioner, General Hawkins, has been criticised in the local American press in Paris to the point of persecution; but I hardly know of another man who would have had the nerve he has shown in defending the rights of the artists of the United States against the official annoyances to which they have been subjected. On arriving at the Exposition he found that the exhibit was to be held upstairs, with those of such countries as Belgium, Sweden and Greece, instead of with such nationalities as Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Austria, or even Spain and Italy. But this was the mistake of the representative of the United States, who was on the ground before the arrival of General Hawkins, who came too late to correct the blunder. As it is, the visitor is exhausted by all he has to see of the art of France—prodigiously represented—and of the countries just named, before he mounts the great staircase which leads to the American galleries. When he reaches the landing, however, he is confronted by the wonderful display of the French retrospective exhibition, with its acres of wall-space covered with the work of such men as David, Greuze, Fragonard, the Vernets, Ingres, Diaz, Millet, Rousseau, Corot, Dupré, Courbet and Daubigny, down to such living painters as Meissonnier, L'Hermitte and Cazin. Here one could easily pass a whole day. But we hurry through these fascinating galleries—past a huge screen covered with such pastels by Millet, as I have never seen in America, and Meissonnier's colorless and unimpressive reproduction in water-colors of his "1807" in our Metropolitan Museum—through the galleries devoted to Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Greece, before we reach the door over which appears the long-looked-for legend, "États-Unis."

WHEN we fairly get there, we are well repaid for the trouble. The display of Great Britain, though devoid of technical interest compared with that of France and of Austria, has a certain distinction due to its eminent respectability; it is refreshing to turn to it after passing the acres of nudities, scenes of violent action and sometimes of absolute indecency which furnish the greater part of the subjects of the Continental painters. But the display of the United States combines with this same regard for the proprieties, characteristic of a truly civilized people, a varied and fascinating exhibit in which technique plays by no means an inferior part. The chief gallery, in which figure Dannat's "Quartet"—lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art—four of Sargent's portraits, Hitchcock's "Tulip Culture," Melchers' "Communion," Minor's "Chute du jour," Pearce's "Bergère," Stewart's "Hunt Ball," Thayer's "Corps aile," Ulrich's "Land of Promise" (Castle Garden), Horatio Walker's "Pigsty," Coffin's "Moonlight in Harvest-time," Weir's portrait of his little girl, Alexander Harrison's "Wave," Blum's "Venetian Lace-makers" and Boggs's "Place de la Bastille," is, in my opinion, unexcelled in interest by any room outside of the French departments. In the idyllic and in the study of the nude it is decidedly weak, but it is admirable in portraiture, genre and landscape.

BUT for the determination of the American Commissioner, however backed as it was by the artists on the Jury, there would have been no gallery in which the pictures could have been shown to such advantage.

After this matter of dispute had been adjusted, and the demands of the Americans had been agreed to, a new trouble arose. The authorities had taken it upon themselves to reconsider their grant of space to them and allotted part of that outside of the main gallery to the exhibits of some of the petty Balkan states. Then the American eagle did scream and no mistake. An indignation meeting was held, and it was resolved that, no matter what the consequences might be, such treatment should not be endured. Accordingly, Commissioner Hawkins was instructed to appear before the Director with the ultimatum of the American artists that, unless the space was restored to them forthwith, they would withdraw their entire exhibit. This firmness had the desired effect, and after that the Commissioner and his associates on the Jury had only to meet the enmity of their own countrymen, which has lasted unremittingly almost up to the present writing. Without any reserve, the American newspapers in Paris seem to have given the freedom of their columns to every disaffected artist whose picture has been rejected, or has been hung differently from the way desired by him.

THE following is a list of the Medals of Honor awarded to artists at the Paris Exposition. This decision by the "jury de classe" has to be confirmed by the "jury de groupe." Every one expected that Mr. Sargent would get one of the medals. Every one who sees the charming exhibit of Mr. Gari Melchers will say that that admirable artist deserves one: *United States*, Messrs. Sargent and Melchers; *England*, Messrs. Alma-Tadema and Henry Moore; *Germany*, Messrs. Liebermann and Uhde; *Austria*, M. Munkacsy; *Belgium*, Messrs. Wauters, Courtens and Alfred Stevens; *Spain*, Señor Jimenez; *Holland*, Herr Israels; *Italy*, Signor Boldini; *Denmark*, M. Kroyer; *Norway*, M. Werenskjold; *Sweden*, M. R. Bergh; *Finland*, M. Edelfeldt; *Russia*, M. Chelmonsky; *France*, Messrs. Dagnan-Bouveret, Delaunay, Jules Dupré, Aimé Morot, Lhermitte, Gigoux, Hébert, Bernier, Cormon, Detaille, Jules Lefebvre and Rapael Collin. Messrs. Dagnan-Bouveret, Kroyer and Sargent tied with thirty-five votes each.

READERS of The Art Amateur, visiting the American section of the department of the Fine Arts, may recognize on the walls there the originals of no less than four of the colored studies which have appeared in this Magazine. Stephen Hills Parker's portrait of "Père Gaspard," which hangs on the line, is the "Norman Peasant" published about two years ago. Henry Bacon's young lady in pink appears in his "Lost," at the Exposition; Henry Mosler's "Breton Peasant," pipe in mouth, is easily identified in his "Le leçon de biniou," and "In the Autumn Woods," by James M. Hart, one sees again the white "Steer's Head" in the same pose exactly as in the reproduction of the original study for it given in The Art Amateur about three years ago.

To see the full exhibit of the American contributions to the department of fine arts at the Paris Exposition, one must go to the British section as well as to that devoted to the United States. Mr. F. D. Millet is represented in both sections—in the latter by "In Piping Times of Peace," and in the former by "A Servant" and "A Difficult Duo." Mark Fisher has pictures in both sections. George H. Boughton contributes to neither. Mr. Whistler appears only in the British section, to which he contributes his "Portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell" and "The Balcony." He sent in to the American jury twenty-seven etchings. Only twenty were accepted, whereupon, in great wrath, he withdrew them all and sent them to the British section. There, however, the jury only hung eight.

A SCOTCH gentleman told me a characteristic story of "our James" the other day. At the spring exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, a member of the Council sent in a picture called "Early Morning off Greenwich," bearing the familiar signature of Mr. Whistler, which was duly honored with a place of distinction "on the line." Some friends of this artist, however, who saw it were of opinion that the Institute had been imposed on and that Mr. Whistler had not painted it. A photograph was sent to Mr. Whistler, who declared that he had never made such a picture. The secretary thereupon wrote a letter of regret, and the clever forgery was withdrawn. This did not satisfy Mr. Whistler, however, who demanded a public apology of the Glasgow Institute as a corporate body. It is hardly

necessary to say that he did not get it. The gentleman who lent the picture, it appears, bought it from a prominent dealer in Edinburgh, who says he bought it at auction, in good faith. The sapient member of the Glasgow Institute, being an influential "patron of art," had no difficulty in getting back his money; but the unfortunate dealer, on the other hand, had to whistle for his—I intend no pun.

By way of comment on the interesting remarks of Mrs. Wheeler before the Gotham Art Students, reported in the July issue of The Art Amateur, we would point out that while this lady gives much more importance to practical work in some particular line than do most art teachers, she does not, in our opinion, go far enough in this direction. It is not merely that an acquaintance with the technique of a special art is of value to the designer in that art; the main point is that it will give the designer the ability to carry out his own designs; and with the ability, it is to be hoped, will come the desire to do so. There may be need for more and cleverer designers, but there is greater need of independent artistic workers, able to design, also able to execute. Such workers, as often as they turn up, find ready employment under much more enviable conditions than those to which the average designer must submit. They may gain their special knowledge without having ever attended an art school. But our trades and factories are as little likely as our art schools to furnish them. We may say, with all modesty, that The Art Amateur has done and is doing much to supply the country with workers of this class. To the thousands of amateurs, working at home, free of that sort of direction which, in large establishments, is always exercised by people of business rather than artistic ability, we must look for our future supply of good and artistic work, and for the best of our designers and manufacturers as well.

PARIS, July 5, 1889.

MONTEZUMA.

THE PARIS CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

THE PAINTINGS (CONCLUDED).

IN the foreign sections, England alone stands out with a distinct individuality. The paintings, the drawings, the engravings of the British artists are unlike those of other countries. The British artists remain insular; they look at nature through no borrowed spectacles; they paint with a touch and a sense of color that are entirely their own; and their works often have a charm that is as potent as it is inexplicable. The English, it is true, are the only people, in Europe at least, who know how to hang pictures, to isolate them against a wall covered with material of exquisite tone, and to give them a precious and rich aspect by putting a glass before them. I imagine that many English pictures owe one half their charm to the glass before them and the other half to the frame.

The great pictures in the English section are, to my mind, W. Q. Orchardson's "Mariage de Convenience: After," "Her First Dance" and "Master Baby;" H. Herkomer's two portraits "Entranced" and "Miss Catherine Grant;" James McNeill Whistler's "The Balcony" and the portrait of "Lady Campbell;" Alma Tadema's "Expectation;" Oulless's portrait of Cardinal Manning; Henry Moore's marine, "Clearness after Rain." Nothing like these pictures can be seen elsewhere in the whole Exhibition.

In the Austro-Hungarian section Munkacsy triumphs with his "Christ before Pilate" and "Golgotha;" the former picture has a tone of singular fineness.

Spain is represented by Madrazo's portraits; Pradilla's "Surrender of Granada;" Casado's "King Ramirez;" Juan Luna's "Hymen, ô Hyménée;" Luis Jimenez's modern scene, "Visit to the Hospital;" a fine series of drawings by Verge and a number of clever costume pictures by Aranda.

The Italians are more modern in their subjects than the Spaniards, though still haunted by archaism and wanting in frankness of vision and execution. The most remarkable works in this section are Boldini's pastel portraits of ladies surprised in the most unhackneyed poses.

In the German section the heroes are Adolf Menzel, Liebermann, Uhde, Kuehl, W. Firlé and Leibl. Menzel is a giant; the others are prodigiously skilful painters in the limited sense of the term.

The Russians are not represented by their great men like the painter Répine and the sculptor Antokolski. The best pictures are those of Josef Chelmonsky and

the portraits of Lehman and Kramskoi. Among the Finnish painters, Albert Edelfeldt, whose education is purely French, makes a very fine exhibit.

The Dutch section is very important, and comprises some 300 pictures by 100 artists, most of whom seem to work under the influence of Israels, who remains the great modern Dutch master. Willy-Martens, Mesdag, Maris, Artz and Thérèse Schwartz are the principal exhibitors.

The Scandinavian artists are remarkable for absolute sincerity and absence of convention in their works. So far as technique is concerned, they owe all to the modern French; but in their vision of nature they remain thoroughly personal. A new-comer, Zorn, is the hero of the Swedish section, and after him come Hugo Salmson, Josephson, Osterlind, Wahlberg, Hagborg and Larson, most of whom are not unknown to visitors to the Paris Salon. Among the Danes the most distinguished are Kroyer, Johansen and Tuxen.

Switzerland boasts a number of artists who have achieved distinction at the Paris Salon, such as Charles Giron, Mlle. Breslau, Laurent-Gsell, Burnand and Baud-Bovy, who make a remarkable exhibit.

Belgium's artistic reputation is kept up by the fine exhibits of Alfred Stevens, Emile Wauters, Jan Verhas, the landscapist, Verstraete, Jan van Beers, and Knoppf.

The United States make a very interesting exhibit, which, without having any special character of its own, like the English section, for instance, is still superior to all the other foreign sections in the number of important works exhibited by artists of acknowledged reputation. There are in all 252 exhibitors and 565 works, of which 335 are oil-paintings exhibited by 195 painters. The section is divided into two classes: Works of American artists resident in America, or classed as such, and works of American artists resident in Europe. The latter absolutely eclipse the former, among which it is difficult to pick out a few pictures of merit by Robert F. Blum, Alden Weir, Abbott H. Thayer, F. D. Millet, Frank Fowler, W. M. Chase, Kenyon Cox, Carroll Beckwith, Charles F. Ulrich, T. W. Dewing, Alexander H. Wyant, Bolton Jones, Jervis Mc Entée, Ruger Donoho, Swain Gifford, W. A. Coffin, W. S. Allen, R. B. Brandegee and the landscapist Minor, that are really worthy of special attention.

On the other hand, among the men resident in Europe, E. A. Abbey, W. T. Dannat and John S. Sargent triumph in the most brilliant manner, and stand out among the twenty great artists that a severe sifting of the whole Universal Exhibition reveals. After these three follow Alexander Harrison, the landscapist Charles H. Davis, George Hitchcock and I. Gari Melchers. Next come Ridgway Knight, E. L. Weeks, Charles Sprague Pearce, Julius L. Stewart, C. S. Reinhart, Eugène Vail, Henry Mosler, Walter Gay, F. A. Bridgman. And then a score of men of talent: Robert Vonnoh, E. E. Simmons, Childe Hassam, Julian Story, E. H. A. Bell, L. Delachaux, Truesdell, Clinton Peters, Walter MacEwen, John Kavanagh, Carl Guthrie, Arthur W. Dow, Henry Bisbing, Ogden Wood, W. H. Howe, Frank M. Boggs, C. S. Forbes, Henry Bacon, Lionel Walden, W. Dodge, Robert Reid, Theodore Robinson, etc., not forgetting those veterans of diverse sex, Miss A. E. Klumpke, Miss Elizabeth Gardner, G. P. A. Healy and W. P. W. Dana.

On the whole, the exhibit of the United States is very remarkable and as satisfactory as could be expected.

American sculpture is represented by a capital bronze by Paul W. Bartlett and by a few works of very small importance. Mr. Bartlett's talent is very refined and strong at the same time. I am sorry, however, to have no other American sculptor to mention together with him.

The French sculpture department is simply astounding in the multitude and excellence of the works produced during the past ten years; not only do they fill an enormous hall, but they also people the vast gardens of the Champ de Mars with a population of marble and bronze. It is impossible to mention even the most notable; I can only cite a few names like Mercié, Guillaume, Aizelin, Delaplanche, Suchetet, Allouard, Hugues, Carls, Pech, Fremiet, Boucher, Dampé, Carlier, Mariton, Rodin, Saint-Marceaux, Moreau-Vauthier, Leduc, Gautherin, Desca, Croisy, Coutan, Chapu, Barrias and Aubé.

With their splendid school of sculpture and with their incomparably skilful and restless school of painting, the French easily lead the world in art.

THEODORE CHILD.